JAS. LOWRIE & S. F. WILSON,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1863.]

DICKINSON HOUSE

CORNING, N. Y.

MAJ. A. FIELD, ... Proprietor

Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. MERY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. nov21,60

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.

Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.

J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and refurnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

H. C. VERMILYA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

THIS is a new hotel located within easy access o the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. April 12, 1860.

G. C. CAMPBELL,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 2, 1859.

HARRIS HOTEL.

THOMAS GRAVES, - - Proprietor.

(Formerly of the Covington Hotel.)

THIS Hotel, kept for a long time by David Hart, is being repaired and furnished anew. The subscriber has leased it for a term of years, where he may be found ready to wait upon his old customers and the traveling public generally. His table will be provided with the best the market affords. At his bar may be found the choicest brands of liquors and cigars.

Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.-tf.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

B. B. HOLLIDAY, - Proprietor.

THE Proprietor having again taken possession of the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests and the traveling public. Attentive waiters always ready. Terms reasonable.

Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.-tf.

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S. BANK,

CORNING, N. Y.,

(LOCATED IN THE DICKINSON HOUSE.)

American Gold and Silver Coin bought and sold.
New York Exchange, do.
Uncurrent Money, do.
United States Demand Notes "old issue" bought.

Collections made in all parts of the Union at Current rates of Exchange.

Particular pains will be taken to accommodate our patrons from the Tioga Valley. Our Office will be open at 7 A. M., and close at 7 P. M., giving parties passing over the Tioga Rail Road ample time to transact their business before the departure of the train in the morning, and after its arrival in the evening. Q. W. WELLINGTON, President.

Corning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1862.

JEROME B. NILES,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NILES VALLEY, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,

HAVING associated himself with a legal firm in Washington, he possesses first rate facilities for the prosecution of Claims for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, and all other just demands against the Government. All such claims will be attended to with promptness and fidelity, and "no charges" will be made *unless the application is successful.*

Middlebury Centre, Nov. 12, 1862.-3m.

JOHN F. MANN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He has the agency of large tracts of good settling land and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in said counties.

Coudersport, Jan. 28, 1863.

J. CAMPBELL, JR.,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

KNOXVILLE, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

Prompt attention given to the procuring of Pensions, Back Pay of Soldiers &c.

Jan. 7, 1863.-6m.

WOOL CARDING AND

CLOTH DRESSING,

AT THE OLD FOUNDRY AT

Wellsborough, Tioga County, Pa.

THE subscriber having fitted up the place for the purpose of Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing, and also would inform the people that we will take wool to manufacture on shares or by the yard, to suit customers, and would inform the people that we can card wool at any time, as our works run by steam power, and also that all wool will be carded for four cents per pound. Wool and produce will be taken for pay for the same.

N. B. Prompt attention will be paid to all favoring us. We will give good satisfaction.

CHARLES LEE,
JOHN LEE.

Wellsboro, June 11, 1862.

$150 BEST PIANOS. 150

JOS. P. HALE & Co. having removed to their new warerooms,

No. 478 BROADWAY.

are now prepared to offer the public a magnificent new scale full

7 OCTAVE ROSEWOOD PIANO,

containing all improvements known in this country or Europe, over-strung bass, French grand action, harp pedal, full iron frame &c.

$150 & $175 CASH,

Warranted for 5 Years.

Rich moulding cases,

$200, $250, & $300,

all warranted made of the best seasoned material, and to stand better than any sold for $400 or $500 by the old methods of many makers. We invite

DEALERS AND TEACHERS

in all parts of the country to act as agents, and to test these unrivalled Pianos with Steinway & Sons, Chickering & Sons, or any first-class manufacturers.

JOS. P. HALE & CO.,

478 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Oct. 22, 1862.-1m.

HOMESTEAD.

A NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP HAS just been opened in Tioga, Penna.; where may be found a good assortment of Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves, of the most approved patterns, and from the best manufacturers. The HOMESTEAD is admitted to be the best elevated Oven Stove in the market. The

"GOLDEN AGE" & GOOD HOPE,"

are square, flat top air-tight stoves, with large ovens, with many advantages over any other stove before made. Parlor Stoves, the Signet and Gaspion are both very neat and superior stoves.

Also Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron ware, kept constantly on hand and made to order of the best material and workmanship, which will be sold at the lowest figure for cash or ready pay.

Job work of all kinds attended to on call.

Tioga, Jan. 14, 1863. GUERNSEY & SMEAD.

PENSION AGENCY.

TO SOLDIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

THE undersigned having had considerable experience in procuring Pension Bounties and Back pay of Soldiers, will attend to all business in that line entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

Persons wishing to confer with me will please call or address me by letter at Sylvania, Bradford County, Pa. Charges reasonable. GEO. P. MONROE.

Refers by permission to

H. B. Card, County Treasurer, Wellsboro, Pa.
D. F. Pomeroy, Troy, Pa.
A. H. Spalding, Sheriff, Towanda, Pa.

Oct. 15, 1862.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1863. NO. 31.

Select Poetry.

SKATING.

BY WM. ALLINGHAM.

The time of frost is the time for me!
When the gay blood spins through the heart with glee,
When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound,
And the footstep rings on the musical ground;
When the earth is gray, and the air is bright,
And every breath a new delight!

While Yesterday sank, full soon, to rest,
What a glorious sky!—through the level west,
Pink clouds in a delicate greenish haze,
Which deepened up into purple grays,
With stars aloft as the light decreased,
Till the great moon rose in the rich blue east.

And Morning!—each pane a garden of frost,
Of delicate flowering, as quickly lost;
For the stalks are fed by the moon's cold beams,
And the leaves are woven like woof of dreams,
By Night's keen breath, and a glance of the Sun
Like dreams will scatter them every one.

Hurrah! the lake is a league of glass!
Buckle and strap on the stiff white grass.
Off we shoot, and poise and wheel,
And swiftly turn upon scoring heel;
And our flying sandals chirp and sing
Like a flock of swallows gay on the wing.

Happy skater! jubilant flight!
Easily leaning to left and right,
Curving' coasting an islet of sward,
Balancing sharp on the glassy cord
With single foot—ah, wretch unshriven!
A new star dawns in the fishes' heaven.

Away from the crowd with the wind we drift,
No vessel's motion so smoothly swift;
Fainter and fainter the tumult grows,
And the gradual stillness and wide repose
Touch with a hue more soft and grave
The lapse of joy's declining wave.

Pure is the ice; a glance may sound
Deep through an awful dim profound
Of water-dungeon where snake-weeds hide,
Over which, as self-upborne, we glide,
Like wizards on dark adventure bent—
Masters of every element.

Homeward! How the shimmering snow
Kisses our hot cheeks as we go!
Wavering down the feeble wind,
Like a manifold thought to a poet's mind,
Till the earth, and trees, and icy lake,
Are slowly clothed with the countless flakes.

But the village street—the stir and noise!
Where long black slides run mad with boys:
Where *the pie is kept hot*, in sequence due,
Aristocrat now the hobnail shoe;
And the quaint white bullets fly here and there,
With laugh and shout in the wintry air.

In the clasp of Home, by the ruddy fire,
Ranged in a ring to our heart's desire—
Who is to tell some wondrous tale,
Almost to turn the warm cheeks pale,
Set chin on hands, make grave eyes stare,
Draw slowly nearer each stool and chair?

The one low voice goes wandering on
Through a mystic world, whither all are gone;
The shadows dance; little Caroline
Has stolen her fingers up into mine.
But the night outside is very chill,
And the frost hums loud at the window sill.

Select Miscellany.

STARTLING EPISODE OF THE WAR.

THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL WHO TURNS OUT TO BE A MASTER MASON, AND SAVES HER BROTHER'S LIFE, WHO IS ABOUT TO BE SHOT.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

HELENA, ARK., *February* 17.

Among the many scenes of the war which have passed under my observation, my recollection enables me to give you an account of one of the most mysterious and strange adventures which I have ever heard of.

During the month of August, in 1861, while our Iowa regiment was stationed at Rolla, in Missouri, our company was detached from the regiment, and sent to guard the railroad bridge at the Mozeille mills, which it was rumored the guerillas of that neighborhood were preparing to destroy.

We had been upon the ground but a few days, when there appeared in camp, early one morning, a very old, decrepid mule, which made direct for the door of a stable that adjoined the Captain's quarters, from which it appeared he had recently been stolen by a guerilla and carried away, as a pack animal. Upon approaching the mule, a letter was discovered secured to the throat-latch of the bridle, which, being addressed to the Captain, was immediately handed into his quarters. Upon opening the letter, its contents (written in the delicate hand-writing of a female) consisted of the following singular announcement: "The temple of Jerusalem was destroyed on the first Friday before the full moon." The Captain professed to understand it, and said, "The guerillas will attack the bridge to-night," and immediately ordered the company to be mustered, and informed them of the imminence of an attack, which might be looked for at any moment. Ammunition was ordered to be distributed, the guards were doubled, pickets thrown out, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise. At the close of the day a drizzling rain set in, which continued until the next morning, causing the night to be intensely dark.

Three picket stations had been thrown out into the country about half a mile from the opposite end of the bridge, where the main guard was posted behind a pile of railroad ties. It was our lot to be one of the six that composed the midnight guard at this station. We had been upon our post about an hour when one of the men observed: "I hear footsteps." We listened, and presently heard the footsteps of several persons approaching us, apparently with great caution, through a dense undergrowth that skirted the opposite side of the road. The darkness of the night was so great that we could not see them even when they were within forty feet of us; but we could distinctly hear one of them observe, in a petulent, but suppressed tone, "Jim, hold up that gun of your's, that's twice you've stuck that bayonet in me." At this moment we opened upon them with all our guns. There was no gun fired in return, but we could distinctly hear them for some time rushing with receding steps through the thicket, in the direction of a cornfield, in which stood a log-cabin, occupied by a woman and two children, the husband and father of whom was a Union soldier in one of the Missouri regiments.

The firing of our guns, which overshot the enemy, had aroused the entire command and brought in the picket guard, when the log-cabin alluded to was discovered to be on fire. Believing it to be the incendiary work of these guerillas, the captain immediately ordered a command of twenty men to double quick through to the house and endeavor to rescue the family if in danger. Upon reaching the vicinity of the opening that surrounded the cabin, we discovered that a quantity of hay had been placed against the door and fired; and near the building a party of eight or nine guerillas, armed with guns, were grouped together, apparently listening to a speaker. Our party, which had divided at the edge of the corn with the view of surrounding the cabin, now rushed in upon them and succeeded in capturing three of their number.

We had arrived too late to render any assistance to the inmates of the cabin, which had already sunk down into a smouldering heap, beneath which the mother and her children had perished. After securing our prisoners with a portion of a clothes-line hanging from a branch of a tree, they were conducted to camp, where the captain immediately summoned a drum-head court martial to try them upon the charge of murder, assuring them that if they were found guilty they would be shot at sunrise, as a warning to their guerilla comrades. One of the party, a short, thick fellow, with a bushy head of red hair, and bloated expression of countenance, when asked by the court martial if he had anything to say, sneeringly turned away, refusing to make any answer. The second prisoner, a tall, slender person, of dark complexion, with one eye concealed beneath a handkerchief that was tied diagonally around his head, while his face was scratched and scarred with fresh wounds, apparently the result of some bacchanalian brawl with his comrades, observed: "This shooting a feller arter he's a prisoner, for fighting for the freedom of Missouri, and agin the abelitioners, aint accorden to law."

Here a member of the court martial asked him "if the murdering of a helpless woman and her children, at the midnight hour, by burning them to death while sleeping, was fighting for the freedom of Missouri?" The fellow turned away from this question with a dejected look, muttering that "her husband was a dam'd Abolitioner." The third person was a young man or boy, apparently about sixteen years old. From his dialect, and the nationality of expression on his countenance, it was easy to discern that he was of Irish descent. He was well dressed, and appeared to be greatly distressed at his situation as a prisoner. He observed, with much alarm expressed in his countenance, that he was an Irish boy, and that he had taken no part in the war; that the man who had burned the house had called upon him that evening, and asked him to join them in a coon hunt, and that it was not until they were fired upon at the bridge that he was aware of the character and object of the party. He would have left them there, but the night was dark, and he did not know the way home.

Here one of the court arose and informed him that his story partook of the character of all guerilla pleas of innocence, and that it availed him nothing. He had been caught, with others, in the very act of committing this cruel and unfeeling murder, and that it only remained for him to say that the court found all three of them guilty of murder, and sentenced them to be shot at 9 o'clock the next morning.

The prisoners were then ordered to the guard-house—a log dwelling—and placed in the cellar beneath the building. The remainder of the night was devoted to the making of the coffins and the digging of a grave of sufficient dimensions to hold them side by side. When the morning returned the rain had ceased—the clouds had passed away, and soon the sun rose with a warm and genial glow. All nature seemed refreshed with the murky shower of the night, while all around, the blades of grass, the lilac bushes, and forest leaves drooped under the sparkling rain-drops that glittered on their folds, and the birds caroled wild and loud their morning matins. All felt that it was a day to live, and not to die in. The drum was beat at early dawn, mustering the company under arms to witness the punishment; and a detail of twelve men was made as executioners, under the command of a corporal. As the time drew near for the execution, it was discovered that two of the prisoners had made their escape by forcing a passage through the partition wall of the cellar of an adjoining house.

The boy, however, was still a prisoner, and all were determined he should be made an example of. Accordingly, about eight o'clock he was brought out to be conducted to the place of execution. Upon seeing the soldiers drawn up to receive him, he commenced wringing his hands, crying, and calling to the captain, saying, "Oh, Captain, I am not guilty. Do not let them kill me. Don't Captain, you can save me. I will give you my watch; my sister will give you money. Oh, God! Oh, Holy Mother! Oh, Captain, speak to them quick, they are taking me away!" With a soldier upon each side of him, he was now led by the arms towards the place of execution, still calling upon the captain to save him. When he discovered the coffin and the grave that had been prepared for him, he gave a wild, frantic scream, and then for the first time seemed to realize that, in a few minutes, he would be no more among the living; for, in a moment after, he became calm, when, turning to the officer of the guard, he he requested him to ask the captain if he would give him time to write to his mother in Ireland.

The captain, who was standing on one side of the hollow square of soldiers that surrounded the prisoner, hearing this request, immediately answered "yes; let him have writing materials," which were immediately brought, when he kneeled down, placing the paper on the coffin lid, and as his pen dashed off the words "Dear Mother," tears fell upon the paper, which, in brushing away with his coat sleeve, erased the words he had written; when springing to his feet, he commenced wringing his hands, saying, "I cannot write: oh, soldier will you write for me?" addressing the corporal of the guard.

At that moment there arose upon the stillness of the scene the wild, piercing shriek of a female, as she burst through the ranks of the soldiers, and swept out upon the hollow square, in the direction of the prisoner. It was an Irish girl, apparently about eighteen years old, without bonnet or shoes, her dress bespotted with mud, and her long dark hair streaming in the wind, as she rushed forward with a wild, heart-rending scream, saying, "He is my brother! he is my brother!" In a moment she had crossed the square, and clasping her brother in her arms, she continued with an agonizing scream, "Oh, soldiers! oh, holy mother! gentlemen! for the love of Jesus, do not kill him! He is innocent; he is my brother!"

I never wish to look upon a scene like that again; and many a hardy hunter from Iowa's border, while gazing on it, felt the involuntary tear course down his manly cheek. But we were surrounded by murderers and assassins. The hand that had received pay from a soldier for a draught of water had been known to strike him in the back with a dagger as he turned away; and our officers had determined to make an example of the first murderer that fell into our hands. The girl at length was ordered to be removed. When two soldiers advanced and unloosed her grasp upon her brother, her screams, her appeals to all for mercy, were terrible.

They had dragged her but a short distance from him, when looking back and seeing a black handkerchief already tied over his eyes, with one wild frantic scream she flung the soldiers from her, and bounding back to her brother, she tore the handkerchief from his eyes and again enfolded him in her arms. As the soldiers were again removing her, the coat-sleeve of one of them was torn during her struggles, and her eye fell upon a breastpin that he had fastened upon his shirt sleeve, perhaps for concealment and safety.

In an instant all her physical powers were relaxed, and, in a calm, subdued, and confident tone of voice, she observed, as she pointed to the pin, "Soldiers let me make one more effort for my brother." The soldiers, startled at the strangeness of her manner, unloosed their grasp upon her, and, in a moment, she bounded away to her brother, shielding his body again with her person at the very moment that the guns were descending to receive the word "fire." Turning her back to her brother, and facing the file of soldiers, she stood forth a stately woman. There was no scream, no tear, no agonizing expression, but calm and erect, she swept the field with her eye, and then advancing three steps, she gave the grand hailing signal of the Master Mason. None but Masons among those soldiers observed it, and there were many of them in that command, who now stood mute with astonishment at the strange and mysterious spectacle before them. There was a grouping of the officers for a few minutes, when the captain came forward, and, in a loud voice, said, "that owing to the distress and interference of the young woman, the execution would be postponed until nine o'clock the next day." The guard was then ordered to be doubled, and a strict watch kept over the prisoner during the night.

Notwithstanding this precaution, it was discovered in the morning that both the boy and the sister had made their escape; in what way they accomplished it, has been a mystery with the company from that time to this. During the early part of the evening there was a meeting of the Masonic members of the company at the captain's headquarters, where the girl was examined, and found to have passed all the degrees in Masonry to that of a Master Mason. Where or how she had acquired these degrees, she declined to say. She and her brother had been in the United States but about ten weeks, having come from Ireland for the purpose of purchasing a farm, intending, when they had done so, to send for their mother and younger brother. The boy did not know that his sister was a Mason, and only knew that his father, when living, was master of a lodge in their native town in Ireland.

"THE ACCURSED YANKEES."

The following precious specimen of slave-holding wrath and billingsgate, is from the Richmond *Examiner* of Jan. 26. We beg our readers to observe that it is not alone or specially the people of New England who are thus anathematised, but those of the whole North:

"The custom of denouncing the Yankees is becoming common. Under the soft influences of a serenade, President Davis likens them to hyenas; Gov. Letcher, in his mild way, insists that they are a heaven-defying, hell deserving race, and pleasantly consigns their Chief Magistrate, Abe Lincoln, to a doom more fearful than that of Devergoil. Is it to be wondered that Mr. Lincoln has had a trouble on his mind ever since this fearful doom was pronounced upon him; that he is getting gray, and finds it difficult to tell a dirty anecdote every ten minutes during the day?

"The practice of villifying the Yankees has gotten into the newspapers. Editors spend most of their time in concocting diatribes against a contemptible race, whose only defect is a proneness to all that is foul and everything that is evil. Why should a people so despicable be aspersed? Even this newspaper, careful as it is never to say a word that would disturb the most placid tea-party, has been known to speak disrespectfully of a race which the civilized world, with one consent, acknowledges to be "its last and vilest product." One would suppose that creatures so abounding in the stenches of moral decomposition would never be alluded to in decent society. But somehow the habit of expectorating upon the vermin that swarm the Northern dunghill, has gotten the better of gentle natures, and the time drags heavily on the Southerner who refuses to indulge himself some twenty times a day in a volley of direful anathemas against the Yankees.

"Reflecting persons tell us that this is altogether wrong. We should restrain ourselves, and be scrupulously polite when speaking of these abominable villains. We should recollect that these infernal scoundrels are human beings, and bear in mind the fact that they never lose an opportunity of heaping the most ungracious abuse upon ourselves. Nor should it be forgotten that they have attained an almost inconceivable perfection and dexterity in lying, so that if it were possible for us to match them in billingsgate, we would still be at their mercy in the trifling matter of falsehood. We are told by our philosophic friends that it should serve to cool the intensity of our hatred to remember that they are hourly committing every crime known to man, and some with which even the fiends are not familiar; that a thrill of delight should pass through us, when we recall the pleasing circumstance that upward of a million of these incarnate demons are hired by the year for the sole purpose of murdering us, burning our houses, killing our cattle, stealing our slaves, destroying our crops, and driving our wives and helpless children into the waste-howling wilderness, in mid-Winter; that a genial glow of the purest love should pervade our hearts at the thought that they candidly avow their purpose to exterminate us, to kill every one of us, men, women and children, to take our possessions by violence; in a word, to annihilate us, to destroy us from the face of the earth, so that our names shall no more be heard among men.

"There is another view which should encourage us in the purpose henceforth to cherish an affectionate regard for the accursed beings at war with us. To the well-regulated mind, the beastly practices of beasts excite no disagreeable emotion; and it is said that the scientific intellect finds a world of enjoyment in the contemplation of the disgusting utility of the lowest order of creatures. Surely, the feast of the vulture upon carrion is not reprehensible, and occasions in the beholder no special wonder, and never any animosity against the bird for gratifying his somewhat peculiar tastes. So the tiger that laps blood, and the beetle that gorges excrement, are but Yankees of the animal kingdom, accommodating the wants of nature; and it were folly to impute to them improper motives in partaking of their ghastly and sickening repasts. It follows that our feeling toward the people of the North, the scarabæi and vipers of humanity, should be characterized neither by rage or nausea, but by a fixed cheerful Christian determination to interpose sufficient obstacles between them and ourselves; to curb their inordinate and bloody lusts by such adequate means as natural wit suggests, and, as a general thing, to kill them wherever we find them, without idle questions as to whether they are reptiles or vermin. A certain calmness of mind is requisite to their successful slaughter. The convulsions of passion are out of place when one is merely scalding chinches.

"The foregoing reflections are suggested naturally enough by the accounts in Yankee newspapers of Butler's triumphal progression from New York to Washington and back again to Boston. A great hue and cry has been raised at the South because the spawn of Northern cities saw fit to prostrate themselves before this new Haynau, this modern Verres, returned from his conquests—this beast emerging from his cave filled with dead men's bones. Why this outcry? Wherefore assail the brute clotted with gore, or the chimpanzees that danced and chattered at his coming, and beslobbered him with praise? What had this hog-hyena done contrary to his instincts, that we should so berate him and his worshippers? He hanged Mumford. That was true Yankee courage. He had issued a hellish order against the ladies of New Orleans. That was unaffected Yankee gallantry. He had put the Mayor and hundreds of others into dungeons. That was the Yankee conception of the proper method of administering the laws of "the best government the world ever saw." He had banished from the city more than twenty thousand people, who refused to perjure themselves by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States.—This was the Yankee idea of justice.

"He drove these people off without a change of clothing and with only fifty dollars in money. This was the Yankee idea of humanity. He confiscated property by millions. This was Yankee honesty. He supplied the rebels in Texas with munitions of war and pocketed the proceeds of the cotton received in exchange. This was a smart Yankee trick. His troops were whipped at Baton Rouge while he was in New Orleans; he was never under fire and never smelt gunpowder, except at Hatteras when the long range guns of his fleet opened upon a mud fort which had no ordnance that could reach him two miles off; and on the strength of this he issues an address as pompous as Satan's speech to the legions in the bottomless pit. This was making material for Yankee history. After inflicting innumerable tortures upon an innocent and unarmed people, after outraging the sensibilities of civilized humanity by his brutal treatment of women and children, after placing bayonets in the hands of slaves, after peculations the most prodigous and lies the most infamous, he returns, reeking with crime, to his own people, and they receive him with acclamations of joy in a manner that befits him and becomes themselves. Nothing is out of keeping; his whole career and its rewards are strictly artistic in corruption and in execution.

"He was a thief. A sword that he had stolen from a woman—the niece of the brave Twiggs—was presented to him as a reward of valor. He had violated the laws of God and man. The law-makers of the United States voted him thanks, and the preachers of the Yankee gospel of blood came to him and worshipped him. He had broken into the safes and strong boxes of merchants. The New York Chamber of Commerce gave him a dinner. He had insulted women. Things in female attire lavished harlot smiles upon him.—He was a murderer, and a nation of assassins have deified him. He is at this time the representative man of a people lost to all shame, to all humanity, all honor, all virtue, all manhood. Cowards by nature, thieves upon principle, and assassins at heart, it would be marvellous indeed if the people of the North refused to render homage to Benjamin Butler—the beastliest, bloodiest poltroon and pick-pocket the world ever saw."

BABIES being a sort of marriage certificate, under the new law it will require a ten cent stamp to be affixed to them.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.—Naomi, daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years of age when she married. Courage ladies!

Letters from the Army.

From the 45th Pennsylvania Regiment.

CAMP OF THE 45TH REGIMENT,
NEWPORT NEWS, VA., *March* 2, 1863.

FRIEND AGITATOR—I will with permission, through your columns tell the people of Tioga county something of the whereabouts, situation and doings of the 45th regiment Pa. Vols., officers and men; premising that they are somewhat interested in the regiment in which they are so largely interested.

Their present location contrasts most favorably with their former one opposite Fredericksburg, and although we have been favored with our share of rain and a little snow, yet we escape the horrible mud of the country adjacent to the Rappahannock. We arrived here the 13th day of February—debarked at Newport News and marched about two miles above and formed our encampment. We have a very smooth and level camping ground on the river, with plenty of wood and water. On arriving here, the boys immediately set about building themselves huts by splitting out pine slabs and laying them up about four feet high in the manner of putting up log houses, and using the shelter tents that they carry in their knapsacks for covers, from four to six men occupying each. By this method they have made for themselves very comfortable quarters. The camp is laid out regularly, each company occupying its own separate street and row. New tents have been issued to the regiment since arriving here, but the boys prefer the houses built by their own hands and have not used them.

It would probably be great satisfaction to those who have relatives and friends in the regiment to know how clean, neat, and comfortable they are, even in the army; besides, Uncle Sam is a great provider of grub down here. Coffee, sugar, beans, rice, potatoes, onions, dried apples, molasses, salt pork, bacon, fresh beef, and fresh baked bread, butter at from thirty to fifty cents per pound, together with cheese and green apples, also the very finest oysters at reasonable rates; but I am sorry to say that the 45th as well as other regiments, have not always been so well provided for—as the march through Maryland and Virginia last fall bears witness.

The health of the regiment is first rate, owing to the excellent sanitary regulations of the Colonel, in a great measure. Of 550 men present, all are fit for duty but two or three who are in the hospital, but not dangerous. In fact and truth the 45th regiment P. V., are second to none in the corps in discipline, soldierly appearance and cool courage in face of the enemy; as James Island, South Mountain, Antietam, and even Fredericksburg testify.

We have been favored with a short visit from Esq. Emery, and Mr. E. Farr, from your town, and Dr. Borden, of Tioga, the first of whom remained several days. The weather too at the time being very unpleasant for those unaccustomed to a camp life. The boys were all glad to see them and would be much pleased with more visits of the same sort.

To show you that we have something to do, now that we have fair weather, I will note down the various daily calls for duty in the regiment and by which we are governed. Reveille 6 o'clock, A. M.; police 6.30 A. M.; breakfast 7; guard mounting 8; company drill 8.30 to 9.30; battalion drill 10.30 to 11.30; dinner 12 M.; company drill 1 to 2 P. M.; battalion drill 3 to 4; dress parade 5; retreat at sunset; tattoo 8.30; taps 9 P. M.; brigade drills from 1 to 4, each Wednesday and Saturday, besides two inspections a week, often, and an occasional review. The drills are all dispensed with on Sundays, and time is given to do washing through the week. I think you will see that we are not altogether idle.

Col. Welsh is a strict disciplinarian, than which there is none more so in the service.—He chalks the boys up to regulations, but there is no dodging the fact that they are proud of him and think him the very best officer in the army, and in return, he is proud of his regiment and daily proves himself their best friend. No one can make the acquaintance of Col. Welsh without becoming convinced that he is every inch a soldier, one whose heart is in the cause and of rare military capacity.

The boys, now-a-days, are keeping sharp eyes on the reports of Congressional doings. They recognise in the Conscription and Finance bills a determination to uphold the Government, and furnish it with means to carry the war to a successful issue. They are also somewhat anxiously awaiting the passage of the bill authorizing the appointment of additional Major and Brigadier Generals. They both hope and fear that Colonel Welsh will be made a Brigadier. They hope that he may be, as some acknowledgement of his ability, and of his meritorious services at South Mountain and Antietam, Md., in both of which actions he commanded a Brigade that did yeoman service, and the 45th particularly distinguished itself. Colonel Welsh on both occasions receiving the personal congratulations of Generals Wilcox and Burnside. Their fear is lest he might be appointed to a command that would not include his own Regiment, although in Lt. Col. John I. Curtin they have an excellent officer, and one in whom they have all confidence. In the event of the promotion of Col. Welsh he would doubtless strongly urge that the 45th should be included in his command. He has been with them too long to wish to leave them. They always know where to look for each other on the battle-field.

Colonel Welsh has not always occupied the prominent position in command to which his services and the date of his commission entitle him. A Lt.-Colonel in the three months service, at the expiration of that period, and under the call for three years' men, he was one of the first to respond and offer his services. He was commissioned a full Colonel and placed in command of Camp Curtin, where he rendered the State and General Government good service in promptly organizing and forwarding Pennsylvania regiments to the seat of war, the Colonels of which now outrank him in the United States service, although the date of his commission would give him precedence in the State service. He was not mustered into the United States service until some three months later, owing to his being detailed in command of Camp Curtin, and, upon taking the field, with his regiment, the regular army decisions make seniority of muster seniority of rank.

Capt. Hill, of company I, has returned from his short run home, looking and feeling well. He is the senior captain of the regiment and a good officer. His Lieutenants, Chase and Hart, are always to be found where duty calls. Capt. R. G. Richards and Lt. Sam'l Haines, of company G, and Lt. G. P. Scudder, are second to none. Serg't Luke Seely, of company H, has recently been promoted by the Colonel to be 2d Lieutenant of company H; his appointment gives general satisfaction to the company, and he will make an effective officer.

We are fortunate in having a good surgeon in Dr. T. S. Christ, of Lewisburg, and a most